

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—James Freeman Clarke

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KNOWLEDGE OF GOD THROUGH JESUS

A DEEP conviction that there is a God will come to all of you sooner or later in some way, and for some of you my experience may be of value.

To most of you the experience of being lost in the woods or in the desert has never come, and I trust it never will, for it is a fearful thing.

It is an experience which many of you will never know in the material world. But in the spiritual world perhaps all of you will know it, for if in your inexperience you try to guide your lives by your own unaided wisdom without some spiritual compass you will inevitably lose your way. And the day will come, perhaps as the result of some accident or some great personal loss, when you will be "knocked endwise," as the slang phrase goes. When you try to pick up the pieces and start life again you will find that you can't. You are lost in the wilderness; terror will seize you, and you will fall upon your knees and cry desperately for help.

If your cry is heartfelt, if you have been thoroughly beaten and sufficiently humbled to make your surrender complete, your cry will be answered. No human soul ever uttered the genuine call to God for help and went unanswered. Be sure of that! "Seek and ye shall find. Knock and it shall be opened unto you."

But what will be the nature of the answer? The only reply I can give you out of my own experience will be to appeal again to the world of nature. For many years I was a moose hunter, highly skilled in the art of "calling moose" at night. The call is made on a great birch-bark horn. In order that the "call" may carry far, it is usual to take your canoe to the middle of a lake after the sun and wind have gone to bed, and spend the night there. The hunter calls about twice an hour and then listens

with intense alertness to every sound. And then, if you are fortunate, after hours of listening you may hear the answer to your call. It will be very faint at first and you will often doubt its reality, for it is like the faintest echo of your call, and only intense concentration will enable you to distinguish it. The ear of the trained hunter can tell.

You must try to understand these hints the symbol which makes most vivid to me the answer which God will give to your call. It will be very faint at first and you will often doubt its reality, for it is like the faintest echo of your call, and only intense concentration will enable you to distinguish it. The ear of the trained hunter can tell.

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the Love of God, is not easily discernible for me. But pity and charity towards other men begin in us with the experience of pain in ourselves. When this reaches the point of anguish of the spirit it overflows towards others, and here begins a process of growth by which at last we learn to feel the Love of God. From suffering ourselves we gain the power to suffer with others—that is, to sympathize with them—and from that we move up to a true vision of the hardships in the lives of others, which leads to charity in thought and act, and so on to a true love of humanity and the feeling of God's love for us. This process of growth is clear and normal, and the man who has thus attained the power to love his fellow men will have more than a clue to the Love of God for man. A man who can love mankind can surely grasp the feeling of God's love of man, for what is possible for man must be possible for God.

This explanation may throw light on the way in which our longing for God grows into love of Him, but it is a process which we can more easily feel than clearly express. When you have felt the need of God and have cried out or prayed to Him for help, you will hear an answering voice. But it will be faint at first and far off, and there will be moments when you feel that it is nothing but the echo of your own cry. You will hear the voice again, if you listen for it; you will feel a craving to get nearer to it. You will want to see the face of God and feel His arm around you. You will feel the need to personalize your God. All men feel that they must do this, for human feeling is personal, and our faith in God, which is our highest feeling, must be personal, too. Our faith in God is of the same nature as our faith in our friends.

The same craving which we all feel was in Philip's demand of Jesus, "Lord, show us the Father." It is the craving of all mankind.

God is infinite. I cannot see His face, but I must have some way to symbolize or personify it. What am I to do? If this human craving must remain unsatisfied we should expect Jesus to have rebuked Philip for his curiosity. The ancient prophets and wise men would have been forced to do so, because they could have given no satisfactory answer. He was not forced to do that. You remember His answer? "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father," and again, "I am in the Father and the Father in Me."

These and many similar sayings in the Gospels throw a flood of light upon this dark problem. Until we can honestly say that we know Jesus, we have no right to complain that God has hidden His face from us. And yet it is incredible how little we know Jesus and how little we have tried to know Him.

It is commonly assumed, I think, that to know Christ intimately is a difficult thing; that

only men with inspired vision can know the character of Christ, so as to make of Him a vivid personality. I say that the truth is exactly the opposite. We can know Christ better than we can know any living man. For living men, as I have said, are growing, changing men, about whom nothing absolute and final can be known; while it is one of the most miraculous things which Christ did—I think His greatest miracle—that He has left with us in this world a personality finished and perfect which, if we choose, we can know. The true character of Jesus is a fact that each one of us can verify for himself; each one of us can read the record and can see this miraculously vivid portrait for ourselves. Christ is personalized and personified for us, and if we believe His words, "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father," we must know His personality and see Him before we can have any chance of seeing God.

I am not unmindful of the difficulties which haunt the road, but they can be overcome. It is true that the records which remain to us of His life and teaching were written down many years after His death and are very incomplete. But in spite of that it is a miraculous picture which, if studied with the attention which men accord to any business problem, for example, will yield a rich harvest. The record to be searched is not the record of the four Gospels, the Acts and the Epistles only, but the record left by inspired men of later times who have known the personality of Christ. What they found in the record of the Gospels and the image or personality of Christ which they worked out are a part of the record for us.

Each one of us must go back to the New Testament and master the record there set down. When we have done this, and only then, shall we be able to read a Life of Christ written in our own day and get much out of it. For in this, as in other affairs, we get out what we put in, and we must put in the results of our own patient and penetrating study of the old record before we can take a profit out of the new.

If we have the will to do this we can and we shall obtain a knowledge of the character of Christ more accurate and final than of any living man. We can, I believe, attain such knowledge as will enable us to say what Christ would have done under any set of conditions which now confront us. This we cannot do with any living man, but we can do it with Christ, and when we have, we shall have seen the face of God.—*Philip Cabot in the Boston Transcript.*

Kindly words, sympathizing attentions, watchfulness against wounding men's sensitiveness—these cost very little, but they are priceless in their value.—*Robertson.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.
Tel. Granite 1140

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

Please read and follow the suggestions

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary that letters be written with ink.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share towards a friendly understanding.

OFFERS

The following books are offered by All Souls Branch, New York. Please address Mrs. F. C. Brush, 29 High St., Montclair, N. J.

David Copperfield, by Dickens
The Hour and the Man, by Harriet Martineau
T. Tembarom, by Frances H. Burnett
A Son at the Front, by Edith Wharton
Making Advertisements and Making Them Pay,
by Roy S. Durstine
Man and Beast Here and Hereafter, by Rev.
J. G. Wood
Brown's Institutes of English Grammar, by
John W. Davis
Samantha among the Brethren, by Josiah
Allen's Wife
British Barbarians, by Grant Allen
Portraits of American Women, by Gamaliel
Bradford
Common People of Ancient Rome, by F. F.
Abbott
Essay on Burns, by Thomas Carlyle (with
selected poems, by Robert Burns)
Belgium the Land of Art, by W. E. Griffis
Silas Marner, by George Eliot
Villette, by Charlotte Brontë
Vice-Versa, by F. Anstey
Story of the *Iliad*, by Alfred F. Church
Clara Hopgood, by Mark Rutherford
My Home in the Field of Mercy, by Frances W.
Huard
Fruits of Victory, by Norman Angell

Empress Josephine, by L. Mühlbach
Bismarck's Autobiography (translated; 2 vols.)
Books and Culture, by Hamilton W. Mabie
Spirit of French Letters, by Mabel S. C. Smith
Old People, by Harriet E. Paine
Common Words Difficult to Spell, by J. H.
Penniman
High School Word-Book, by R. Sandwick and
A. T. Bacon
First Year Latin, by Collar and Daniell
First Book of Birds, by Olive Thorne Miller
How to Cut Food-Costs, by L. Frances Cooper
How to Live on 24 Hours a Day, by Arnold
Bennett
Clark's Field, by Robert Herrick
Under the Willows and other poems, by J. R.
Lowell
My Novel, by E. Bulwer Lytton (2 vols.)
What Will He Do with It, by E. Bulwer Lytton
Undine, by De la Motte Fouqué
Poems, by Felicia Hemans
Sonnets of Europe (translations), by Wadding-
ton
Verses and Fly Leaves, by Charles S. Calverley
Poetical Works of Thomas Gray
Elegy in a Country Churchyard, by Thomas
Gray
The Deserted Village, by Oliver Goldsmith
Poems, by William Cowper
Skeleton in Armor, by Longfellow
The Culpit Fay, by Joseph Rodman Drake
The Holy Grail and other poems, by Tennyson

The Lady of the Lake, by Scott
 Poetical Works of Thomas Moore
 Poetical Works of Jean Ingelow
 Bitter Sweet (a poem), by J. G. Holland
 Mabel Martin, by J. G. Whittier
 Snow-Bound, by J. G. Whittier
 New England Tragedies (2 plays), by Long-
 fellow
 Poems, by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentle-
 man"
 Verses, by (Helen Hunt Jackson)
 Vision of Sir Launfal, by James Russell Lowell
 Lays of Ancient Rome, by Macaulay
 Plays and Poems of Shakespeare, 15 vols.;
 (13 and 14 missing)
 Catherine; Lovel the Widower; Denis Duval;
 Ballads, etc., by Thackeray
 History of Henry Esmond; and Memoirs of
 Barry Lindon, by Thackeray
 English Humorists; and The Four Georges, by
 Thackeray
 Lovers of Provence: Aucassin and Nicolette
 (translated by Macdonough)
 Pilgrim's Progress, by John Bunyan
 Daily Strength for Daily Needs
 The Drummond Year-Book
 Wit and Wisdom of Sydney Smith
 Merry Thoughts, A Birthday Book
 Our Best Society, by George William Curtis
 Daisy Miller, by Henry James
 The Rivals and the School for Scandal, by
 Sheridan
 Wonders of Engraving, by G. Duplessis
 The Art of Angling, by Holberton
 Scintillations from Heine
 Lectures by Ruskin
 Essays of Elia, by Lamb
 As We Were Saying, by Charles Dudley Warner
 Rab and His Friends, by John Brown
 Washington and His Generals, by J. T. Headley
 (2 vols.)
 Story of the Great March (1864), Brvt. Maj.
 John Ward Nichols
 History of Rasselas, by Samuel Johnson
 Political Writings of Thomas Paine (Vol. 1)
 Hymn and Tune Book for the Church and the
 Home
 New Testament (Oxford, 1881)
 Sixty-Five Years in the Life of a Teacher,
 1841-1906, Edward Hicks Magill
 Introductory French Prose Composition, by
 Victor E. François
 Elementary Algebra, by Fred. H. Somerville
 Elements of Geometry, by Webster Wells
 Caton's Ideal Shorthand
 Hamilton's Dictionary of Musical Terms
 Woman's Handiwork in Modern Homes, by
 Constance C. Harrison (1881)
 Summer Days at Vallombrosa, by Virginia W.
 Johnson
 Suffering and the War, by Sherwood Eddy

Aftermath (Part 2 of A Kentucky Cardinal), by
 James Lane Allen
 Picciola, by X. B. Saintine
 A Literary Courtship, by Anna Fuller
 The Lightning Conductor, by C. M. and A. M.
 Williamson

The Brighton Branch offers the following books,
 Address Miss C. L. Murdock, 320 Allston St., Brighton,
 Mass. P. O. Brookline 47, Mass.

Fourteen Weeks in Astronomy, by J. Dorman
 Steele
 Fourteen Weeks in Chemistry, by J. Dorman
 Steele
 A Shabby Genteel Story; Philip and Catherine,
 by Thackeray
 Tennyson's Poems
 Rose in Bloom, by Louisa M. Alcott
 Irving's Sketch Book
 The Vagabond, by Frederick Palmer
 Ralph Marbow, by James Ball Naylor
 Rose and Thorn, by Katherine Bates
 Best Short Stories of 1920 compiled by Edward
 J. O'Brien
 The High Calling, by Charles M. Sheldon
 Isora Child, by J. C. Derby
 Uncle Terry, by Charles Clark Munn
 An Admiral's Log, by Robley D. Evans
 What One Man Saw, by H. Irving Hancock
 Diana Barrington, by B. M. Croker
 Interference, by B. M. Croker
 A Bid for Freedom, by Guy Boothby
 Looking Backward, by Edward Bellamy
 The Virginian, by Owen Wister
 The Royal Life Guard, by Alexander Duman
 The Voyage of the Vivian, by Thomas W. Knox
 The Treasure of Song (Instrumental Music)

REQUESTS

1. I am a widow living by myself, 69 years old.
 I would be thankful if you would ask some of
 your good friends for some reading and quilt
 scraps. I am not able to buy. (Mrs.) Annie
 Austin, Box 56, Bassett, Va.

2. I wish to thank each one who so kindly
 remembered me and my children at Christmas
 time. I lost the address of some and cannot
 write to each one, and am thanking them
 through the little *Cheerful Letter* paper. (Mrs.)
 J. A. Drumbheller, Pleasant View, Va.

3. Miss Helen Harris, McGraw, N. Y., just
 graduated from high school, now living on a
 farm, will appreciate good reading.

4. Mrs. G. W. Martin, East Wilmington,
 N. C., R. 1, writes gratefully for what she has
 received, and asks for *Everybody's Magazine*,
Good Housekeeping, or any book by Eleanor
 Glyn.

5. Bertha Cagle, Ansonville, N. C., a girl of 16, with four brothers and three sisters who all enjoy reading, and not able to buy, will be thankful to receive magazines and quilt scraps.

6. Mrs. D. J. Owens, Spray, N. C., is grateful for past favors and would be glad of more. Her little boys, Jack and Herbert, would love to hear from other boys and girls.

7. Mrs. J. T. Cobler, Bassett, Va., care of Firestone, suffers from rheumatism, and her husband is not able to work. They have one little boy living. They will appreciate light stories and quilt scraps.

8. Mrs. J. P. Puett, Lenoir, N. C., will be glad to receive the *Ladies' Home Journal*, *People's Home Journal* or the *Flaming Forest*.

9. Mrs. Jessie C. Broadway, Polkton, N. C., R. 3, asks for reading for herself and three little boys, 8, 3, and 5 years old.

10. *Stepping Heavenward* or *St. Elmo* would be thankfully received by Mrs. Lelah Mabe, Campbell, N. C., R. 1.

11. Mrs. E. H. Shelton, Stella, Va., R. F. D., asks for magazines for her husband and children. The husband is ill and shut in; the children are small (no ages given).

12. Mrs. J. C. Ratcliff, Victoria, Tex., Box 122, living where the people are mostly Mexicans, asks for any books by Harold Bell Wright and Zane Grey, or for the *Delineator* or *Pictorial Review*.

13. As I am a stamp-collector, will be glad to have any used stamps except one- and two-cent now in use. I will be glad to exchange or give to shut-ins writing to me. (Mrs.) A. A. Newcomb, South Brewer, Maine.

14. I live in the country and am lonely, as two of my children have died in the past two years. I have to stay by myself a great deal, and I would be so glad to have some magazines and a book—any kind of good reading. Some scraps would be appreciated very much. I have two boys, aged 14 and 11, and a girl of 9 years. Would like some books suitable for them, and cards and funny papers. My pastor's name is Rev. J. F. Craig, Ferguson, N. C. (Mrs.) Cora Watts, Boomer, N. C., R. 2.

15. I am 63 years old, and suffer with rheumatism. I would be so glad of some books and scraps for my quilts. I will send my pastor's

name, Rev. F. W. Osborn. (Mrs.) J. W. Simpson, Farmville, Va., R. 5.

16. I am a girl 6 years old, and would be glad to get broken strings of beads and little pieces of ribbon to dress my doll with. My mother died when I was a little girl. I am staying with my aunt. Willie A. Banton, Farmville, Va., R. 5, care of Miss Annie V. Simpson.

17. We are very poor, and farm for a living. My husband has been twice married and is the father of thirteen children, and I am the mother of six of them, and am not able to do hard work; am almost deaf. I would be glad if someone would send me quilt pieces of any kind, also thread for sewing or knitting purposes. (Mrs.) Eura Turner, Stuart, Va., R. 5.

18. I am a single boy, aged 22. Served in Bat. C 55, C. A. C. I am now asking for a good book to read—detective stories or a real novel. Charles J. Knight, Athens, Tex., R. 1, Box 89. (Ref., W. M. Tuller, D.D., Athens, Tex.)

19. A lady (Mrs. J. Porter) told me of your kindness in sending cards, magazines and quilt scraps to people, and I would be so grateful for some of each. I have four small children, Emerson, aged 11, Allen, aged 7, Bessie Maude, aged 9, Nina, aged 5. I am a widow and not able to buy books, and would appreciate your kindness in sending books or cards. Will also pass them on to other little folks in the community. We live ten miles from town. (Mrs.) Sula Booker, Sylvester, Ga., R. 4.

20. I have long meant to write to you as my mother used to write, but after Father died she did not have much time, as she had to work on the farm; she did not have any boy to take the place except me, and you know a girl don't make much of a boy on the farm. There are four of us children, all girls. I am the oldest of the four. My name is Ophelia, aged 19. Viola is my next sister, aged 14; Ruby Mae is the next, she is 12, and then comes the baby, Evie, aged 5. I would like to receive anything in the way of reading matter. My mother's name is Mrs. W. O. Collins. I do hope someone will send her a good book, as she does enjoy reading. I must close and do up my night work, as Mama is not able to do much. Ophelia Collins, Tolar, Tex., R. 2, Box 45.

21. I wish to thank the readers for their kindness in sending me books and magazines. I have appreciated them very much, and hope friends will continue to send. I will be real glad of post cards and picture books, and, if I

am not asking for too much, I would like to receive some cotton pieces for quilts, such as gingham and percales. I live far from school and in bad weather I can't go. (Miss) Alice M. Turner, Stuart, Va., R. 5.

22. I would like to receive some good reading and also some books and cards for my little children. I have one girl, 8 years, who would love picture books, and a boy of 7 years; the baby is 5 months, a girl. We are lonesome and would be so glad to receive reading and cards. (Mrs.) Rena Southern, Mayodan, N. C.

23. I want to thank all who sent scraps and books. I have been sick in bed for about two weeks. While I was in bed the addresses got misplaced; I was sorry. But I can be up again, by the help of the good Lord. Would be very glad if someone would send me the *Cheerful Letter* of 1923. Girtha Thompson, Polkton, N. C., R. 2.

24. I am a boy 7 years old. Have a father and mother, but no brothers or sisters. Would like some picture papers, and post cards from boys of my age. Clinton Jefferson, Elamsville, Va.

25. Please allow me, through the *Cheerful Letter*, to thank the many friends who have so kindly sent me reading matter and patchwork for quilts. It has been a great comfort to me, as well as others, during the past winter. (Mrs.) R. M. Stoker, Albemarle, N. C., R. 1.

26. I am 25 years old and have been married six years. I have no family but my husband and myself. We live out in the country, about ten miles from the city, in a little two-room log cabin. I would appreciate it if someone would send me some quilt pieces and some good reading, perhaps the *Needle-Craft*. I am at home the most of the time alone. (Mrs.) Hattie Maulden, Ansonville, N. C., Box 235.

27. I am a colored girl and live with father and mother. They are old and feeble. My nearest town is ten miles and the neighbors are not near us, and we get lonesome. I would be glad of reading matter and also patchwork for my mother, as she can't read, and would like to have something to amuse her. Would like to correspond with some of the ladies and would like to get the little magazine each month. Ollie Horne, Patrick, S. C., R. 1, Box 19 D.

28. I am a mother of four children, the baby 2 years old, and the boy 8, girls 10 and 12. Some time ago our house was burned, and since we have been scarce of quilts. Would be pleased to have pieces of any kind, also religious reading

for myself and children. We are renters and my husband is in poor health, yet he has to work hard to earn a living for us. Any kind of cheer will be appreciated. (Mrs.) W. L. Bouldin, Elamsville, Va.

29. I wish to thank all the *Cheerful Letter* friends for the things they have sent me, and hope they will still remember me. I am very feeble and cannot go about any place. Would appreciate any scraps, bits of crochet thread, and good literature. (Mrs.) E. C. Marley, Kerr, N. C.

30. I have received some magazines and also Christmas cards, and I appreciated them very much. I'll be glad to receive some quilt pieces, or bits of thread of any kind. I would also be glad of correspondents. (Mrs.) Frank Nelson, Critz, Va. R. 1.

31. I am a poor woman with eight children. Am in real bad health, and we have to work hard for our living. I'll appreciate scrap pieces, or patchwork of any kind, and would also be glad of a correspondent. We live on a farm two miles from church, and about three miles from school. (Mrs.) M. A. Sheppard, R. 1, Box 12, Campbell, N. C.

32. My address is changed from Polkton, N. C., to Wadesboro, N. C. Will be glad if someone will send me some patchwork scraps and reading matter, as I pass them on to others. Would love to correspond with someone; it would do me lots of good to have someone to write to me. (Mrs.) Sallie McLendon, Wadesboro, N. C., R. 1, Box 100.

33. I wish to thank the many *Cheerful Letter* friends who remembered us during the holidays. If it had not been for you our Christmas would have been very dreary indeed. I would be very glad if someone would send me the *Red Book* and *The Home Journal*, also scraps for patchwork. I get very lonely during the long winter months. Lessie B. Rea, Spencer, Va., Box 18.

34. I am a girl of 15, a freshman in high school. I have three brothers married and no sisters. My father is an invalid; my mother is paralyzed on one side. I do all the work and try to keep up with my class in school. I would like to receive some reading and scraps for patchwork. Mary Francis Parphill, South Mine St., Gainesville, Tex.

35. I am a young school teacher in a rural community, and I would like to ask for the following books: *The Rubayiat of Omar Khayyám*,

and *The Pride of Palomar* by Peter B. Kyne. I have received much help from many ladies and can never thank the *Cheerful Letter* enough for what they have already done for me. Through the Home Study Committee I am being aided in doing some fine work in Nature Study. If someone will kindly send the books I have requested, they will be greatly appreciated. Grady M. Long, Calhoun, Tenn.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Mrs. J. A. Drummheller from Forks of Buffalo, to Pleasant View, Va.

Miss Zula Marten from Wadeville, to Eldorado, N. C.

Mrs. Sallie McLendon from Polkton, to Wadesboro, N. C.

Mrs. G. W. Martin from Whitakers, N. C., R. 4, to Wilmington, N. C., R. 1.

Mrs. Amanda Crook is now Mrs. Eugene Holmes, at Linwood, N. C.

Many letters are omitted because written with pencil. Read Special Notices, on page 67 of this paper.

RIP VAN WINKLE

(Concluded)

It was morning when he woke. The sun was bright in the eastern sky beyond the distant river. Rip wondered what his wife would say when he got home! He felt extraordinarily stiff after that out-of-door sleep. The men who had played at ninepins were gone; so was the keg-carrier; so indeed was his pet gun, though near by lay the rusty remains of what had once been somebody's gun, ready to fall to pieces. Rip felt that a rather mean trick had been played on him. He whistled and whistled for his dog, but no dog answered. Well, he might as well start, and go down home.

Could he have forgotten the brook-path followed only yesterday? At all events, it could not be found, though a fresh mountain stream ran foaming and splashing down a way somewhat like the one where he had climbed, dry-shod, with the liquor cask. Where he thought he remembered noticing small saplings and bushes, there were tall trees and deep shade. It was all very puzzling; and yet undoubtedly that was the way home.

Home? When he reached the village at the mountain's base, it was evident that something was wrong. There were many strange new houses on the old street. He met not a person whose face looked familiar. And moreover, the people stared as if he himself were the stranger. If only he could get home! Surely this ought to be the right spot. . . . The house was de-

serted. It had almost fallen to pieces. The windows were broken. The roof had fallen in. The door was swinging on one rusty hinge.

Quite bewildered, Rip went on down the street to where he had so often sat in the sunshine to talk with his cronies in front of the tavern. There too all was different. An odd new flag with red and white stripes and a star-sprinkled patch of blue, floated from the top of a tall pole. A crowd of people gathered to stare at him, and one officious person demanded to know who he was, anyway, and what he wanted.

"Why," stammered Rip, "I live here—I was born here. I am one of the villagers, and a loyal subject of the King."

That appeared to make some of the crowd angry, though he could not see why it should. He asked if they would not call some of the neighbors who knew him well—perhaps Nicholas Vedder.

"Nicholas Vedder? Why, man, what are you talking about? Nicholas Vedder died eighteen years ago."

"Then call Van Bummel, the schoolmaster." "There was once a Van Bummel who taught the school, but that was years ago. He went off to the war and became a general. And now he is in Congress."

A little child in its mother's arms began to cry. "Hush, Rip," said the pretty young woman. "That old man won't hurt you." There was something familiar about the faces of the two.

"What is your name?" asked Rip.

"Judith Gardenier," said the baby's mother.

"I mean—what was your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man! Rip Van Winkle was his name; but it's twenty years since he went away one day with his dog and his gun and never came back. I was just a little girl then, but I remember. And mother died afterwards."

Nobody ever quite understood how Rip could have slept twenty long years up there on the mountain, but that seemed to be the only way to explain matters. And Rip spent the rest of his leisurely life telling and re-telling the tale of his adventure, or listening to tales of all that had happened to the country in the meantime—the great Revolutionary War, and the transformation of a little colonial village ruled by a British king into a bit of a new free land, the United States. The neighbors knew that their own tales were true, and they were generally ready to believe that Rip, for his part, had met the ghosts of Hendrik Hudson and his crew, the old Dutch explorers who first sailed up the Hudson River. And ever afterward, when a summer thunderstorm rolled over the village, they would say: "Hark! That must be Hendrik Hudson's men, playing ninepins up in the mountains."—*Adapted from Washington Irving.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents, for books, magazines, cards, etc.*, also *letters offering to give books, magazines, etc.*, should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

See special suggestions under the heading of the "Book and Magazine Club" in this number.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimble Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters asking for music and letters offering music* should be sent to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, at 4 East 88th St., New York City, or to All Souls Church, Fourth Ave. and 20th St., New York City.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 26 John St., Brookline, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and thirty-six libraries are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.

Notice to those who give:—

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

There is a large call for scraps of calico, gingham, and percale for patchwork.

To those who receive:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one ask for money or for clothing in the columns of this paper. The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.